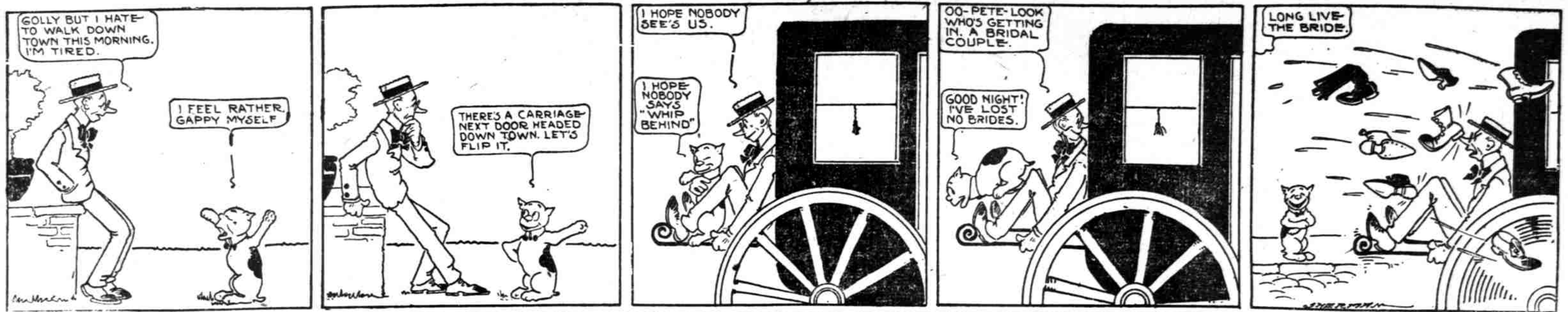


Pete Remembered His Own Wild Wedding Morn

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



FAMILY INTERVENTION

And its Effect On Marriage Discussed

BY PEGGY VAN BRAAM

LISTED among the divorce and alienation suits that daily fill the courts with stories of shattered romance, dead loves and heartbreak are this week some seven different cases where family influence has been exerted to break the bonds between men and their young wives. In five of these cases the influence has been flung into the scales of love by the girls' relatives, but in two it is the men—both young and rich—whose parents are striving to free them from the meshes of matrimony.

What is the result? Notoriety, the flare of the police courts, the staining forever of family names and the shadow of doubt and disgrace lying upon the confidence that should exist between children and parents.

And in all those seven cases the objection to the marriage came because of so-called "social inequality."

Of course, it is, I suppose, natural when a dearly loved son or daughter marries some one the family believes unworthy to endeavor to kill the newly awakened love, to bring common sense to bear and to annul the marriage or force a divorce suit. But is that the best that can be done?

Does it bring happiness or content? Very seldom!—at any rate, so seldom that it seems as if some one might try the other way—of making the best of it.

Why not fling the family influence into the other side of the scale? Why not strive to hide the unfortunate part of the mating, and endeavor, not to thrust the unwelcome newcomer out of the family circle, but to draw him or her in and strive by gentle means to bring the wife or husband up to the standard demanded?

The Long List

Real love and real happiness are very scarce in this world, and divorce and separation are very common. Why, then, should parents strive to add their names to the already long list when it would be so much bigger and finer to accept and, as I said before, make the best of it in an effort to bring happiness to all concerned and to keep a family name unstained?

That requires, naturally, the eliminating of the personal and aggressive point of view and the endeavor to look at the other side of the picture, at the greater good instead of the individual good. But there ought to be some who are big enough and fine enough to do it—and every time an alienation or a divorce suit is avoided there is one blot lifted from America, now termed in scorn and parody, as it once was in praise and reverence, the "land of the free."

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

The stage doorkeeper retired to a darkened recess and beckoned the stage-struck youth. Then he drew a match carefully across the base of his trousers, and when it (the match) was burning nicely he put the lighted end in his mouth. His cheeks took on a cherry hue like a Japanese lantern. Then, without speaking, he lighted the stump of a cigar and placed it in his mouth. With a desperate twist of his tongue he turned the cigar into his mouth so that it disappeared from view. When it was restored to its normal position he smiled knowingly.

Was Wise, All Right

"I learned that," he said, "watching Bunkie Fujiyama, the fire king. He commenced his act last night, and while he didn't put over any exactly new stuff, he certainly did have a good show. He works in one with nothing but melted lead, lighted cigars, hot solder and matches for props."

"Haven't you seen him work? Say, kid, that Jap may only be a little over a yard high, but his act sure does give you a feeling that you have bitten on a red hot poker mistaking it for a banana. He must have an asbestos lining in his mouth and stomach. It does certainly wish the fuzzy feeling on you to see him bite off pieces of red hot poker and take a swallow of melted lead to wash it down. Why, he eats fire like it was charlotte russe and breathes smoke and flame like the guy in the flat way down below."

Had a Kick Comin'

"But he has his troubles, like all the rest of them, and sometimes I'm glad that I wasn't born with any special talent. Sometimes it doesn't pay to be a genius."

"Why not?" demanded the stage-struck youth.

"Well," answered the S. D. K., "Bunkie was fined in the police court this morning for assaulting a waiter. 'Yes, the waiter served him a potato so hot that it burned his tongue, and the blood of samurai boiled over and Bunkie slipped him the ju jitsu.'"

It Could Not Be; Or, Parted Fore'er

"You are the light of my life," he said, and, like a good little light, she beamed.

"But," he continued (for he had not finished. Else why continue?) "But—I cannot marry you."

"Why? Why? Why? Why?"

"How much you are," he whispered punnily. "There is a law against it; that is why. I looked it



up in the law library this morning, and there is a law against it."

"What law, Sherburne?" she begged.

"The law says," he replied, "that no man may marry another man's wife unless the man to whom she was first married is dead or divorced. I looked it up this morning."

She swooned, and, after a few moments' reflection, he swooned, too.

Economy

Miss Old Girl—Why do you take me on such long, strenuous walks?

Widower—I want to reduce your size so that the ring will fit without alteration.

A Few Cheery Immigrants!

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY

Our puzzle corner: At Gorleston, a cottager, counting his market money, dropped a sovereign, and the glittering coin was immediately swallowed by a hen. Give you two guesses: What did the Gorleston cottager and his family have for dinner the next day?—The Pink 'Un.

Easy to Help

Sandy Pikes—Lady, can't yer help a poor man dat feels so bad de scalding tears are coursing down his cheeks? Kind Lady—Why, certainly. Here is a bar of soap. With scalding water pouring down your cheeks it should be very easy to wash it.

From Adam Down

Historley—Was Patrick Henry the originator of the sentiment, "Give me liberty or give me death?"

Enspeckler—I should say not! Why, that sentiment has torn the heart of mankind ever since the earliest marriage.

The New Tenant

Jonah was entering the whale. "Anyways," he rejoiced, "there are no neighbors to notice I have no furniture."

Herewith he began exploring the new flat.

He Couldn't Help It!

"John, I listened to you for half an hour last night, while you were talking in your sleep."

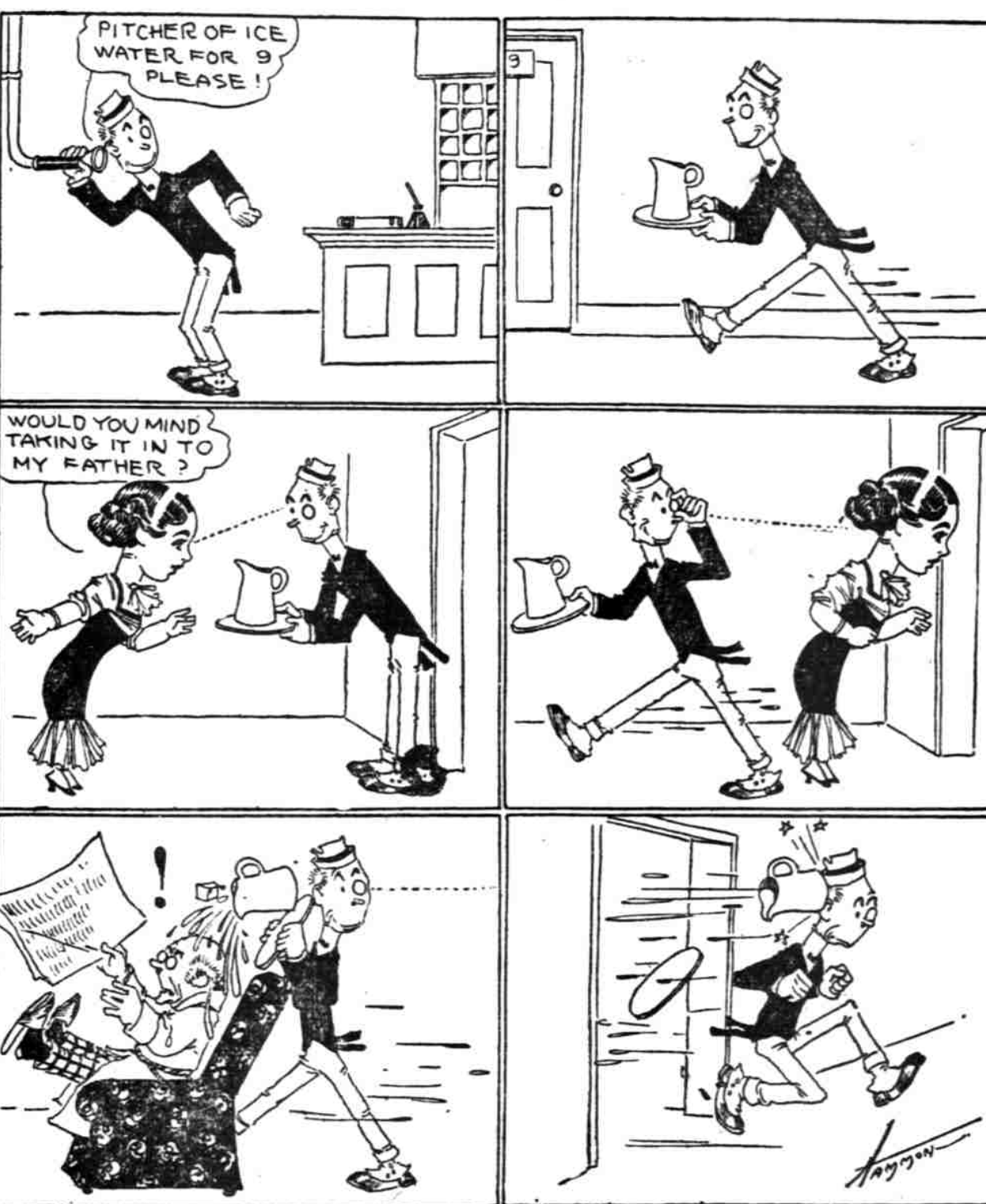
"Thanks, dear, for your self-restraint."

By JAMES H. HAMMON

ALGY

Drawn for The Washington Times.

THE CHILL STUFF WORKS BOTH WAYS



Loretta's Looking Glass

SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE "GIRLIE" GIRL



YOU have the OLD FAITHFUL geyser of the Yellowstone beaten. He gushes every fifteen minutes or so. And his enthusiasm takes liquid form and is hot. You gush—all the time you are awake. And it's WARM MOLASSES!

Some time or another in the history of people and their speech, the word "GIRLIE" may have had a kind of intimate and charming tenderness. But since your active jaws have seized it and slapped and alattered and slushed it all over anything female that happens to come in your way without doing you actual violence, the word has grown obnoxious. And that quaint Scotch word "dearie"! How you have debased it!

Showed the Press Lines

A well-self-impressed lady, in a satin suit that showed the press lines of a hundred dollar tailor, was buying lace at a counter. She debated between two pieces and, finally, flung one over each shoulder and stood before a mirror studying the effect.

"I think this suits me best," she said, with a decisiveness that indicated that she was a law unto herself and fully satisfied with the finding.

But the clerk was a "dearie" flend. "Yes, I think so, too, DEARIE," she amended.

For one glacial instant the satin-gowned lady stared at her.

"If your taste in lace is not better than your manners, I do not care for it," the satin-gowned said, with the cool and calm of the politely-enraged.

She laid the laces down and went off. The saleslady stared now! It was funny to watch her. She had no more comprehension of the ill-breeding she had revealed than the satin-gowned had

Suspicious

Dentist (after examination)—And will you have gas, madam?

Nervous Patient—You don't suppose I'm going to let you tinker with my teeth in the dark, do you?

OUR DEVIL WONDERS



Why mothers expect you to eat bread and butter when they put the pie and cake on the top of the lunch basket.

OUR ELASTIC LANGUAGE

First Customer—I wish to select a vase.

Floorwalker—Yes, madam. James, show the lady to the crockery department.

Second Customer—I wish to select a vase.

Floorwalker—Yes, madam. George, show the lady to the bric-a-brac department.

She Kisses People

When a person—yes, I call her a "person" when she does it, because I am too polite to call her any one of all the other worse names that I consider appropriate—calls me "girlie," I am seized with malignant intentions.

No REAL LADY "girlies" any one she does not know any more than she kisses people she meets on the street. I dropped my purse the other day and some affectionate thing—with more complexion than she could carry to advantage—picked it up and handed it to me with, "Girlie, you dropped your pocket-book." And I reckon she thought I was a savage because I glared at her in unmitigated rage. She had been rude to me. Her impertinent affectionateness was an affront. So I was rude to her.

No excuse for it, of course! I am ashamed of myself! But I wish I could be sure she would read this and have a serious attack of such ashamedness that she would forget the "girlie" foolishness forever.

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

It's Lucky Infants Can't Resent Indignities, and

BABIES ARE MISUNDERSTOOD

BELLE, the more I see of babies the more thankful I am, when I look in the glass, that the awful things my parents must 'a' done to me when I was young and helpless didn't leave any lastin' effect. I was over at the Flynns' last night—their baby's just about old enough to sit up and take milk, and if the way the Flynns understand that infant's needs is a sample of how I was understood before I got into short clothes, I'm glad I wasn't old enough to appreciate it.

The trouble with most parents is they can't bear to see a poor kid have a nice, restful cry. They don't realize that to a baby cryin' its head off is often just a means of expression, like a cat's meow or a blind man's fiddle, and don't mean anything at all, except that the baby's alive. It's the only loud noise the kid's learned how to make so far, and you can't blame it for bein' human and wantin' to chime in the conversation once in a while.

But the Flynns can't see it that way. Whenever the baby starts to cry Mrs. Flynn thinks it's hungry and Mr. Flynn thinks it's sick. Mrs. Flynn generally wins, and between 'em they manage to pry the poor unsuspectin' child's mouth open and pop the business end o' the milk bottle into it.

It Got On Mamie's Nerves

I stood it for about an hour, Belle, and in that time the baby cried eleven times. Each time Mr. Flynn would run for the medicine chest and Mrs. Flynn'd make a dash for the milk bottle, gen'ally managin' to have it pried into the baby's mouth before Mr. Flynn had time to use any o' the medicine. That young Flynn must 'a' had a quart o' milk that he didn't have the slightest desire for pumped into him while I was there, and I shudder to think what happened to him after I left if he wasn't tired of cryin' yet.

The only time a baby's safe from persecution, Belle, is when it's asleep, and even then I wouldn't put it past Mrs. Flynn to wake it up and force more milk on it. It's lucky for the parents the poor kids haven't got sense enough to resent it.

Do you know, Belle, I wouldn't be surprised if half of these "inco'rigible" boys and girls are just kids with a sort o' memory at the back o' their brains o' the way they were treated before they learned to talk the English language.

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

"What in the world are those stains all over the coat you wore last night?" inquired Mrs. Peeved. "I happened to see it in your wardrobe today, and it's just ruined. I don't see how you could have done that at Carker's. What is it, anyway?"

"Why—er—what does it look like?" said Mr. Peeved.

"It looks as if it smells like coffee," replied his wife.

A Good Guess

"Well, that's exactly what it is."

"But how?"

"Just a second, petty. Before you start in to fire a million questions let me simply matters by explaining exactly how it happened. It was a funny sort of an accident. Carker's baby, in his high chair, was drinking its coffee, scale to greater heights of "bad form."

"John Peeved!" interrupted Mrs. Peeved. "Incredulously. 'Who ever heard of giving a baby coffee?'"

"Where you there, petty?"

"No, but—"

"Then you don't know anything about it. This baby had coffee. I tell you, whether you ever heard of it or not, and instead of drinking it like a human being it constantly tipped its cup at a most alarming angle. The child was directly opposite me, and its carryings on with that cup were disgusting, to say the least."

"Carker," I said, "see to that baby, will you? He'll have that coffee all over me in a minute." But Carker just laughed. You know how maddening fathers are in matters like that. Carker just laughed, but sure enough, I'd hardly had the words out of my mouth

when flop, the cup shot out of that brat's hands, and I was dripping with coffee!"

"H'm," commented Mrs. Peeved. "The stains were all the way up to your shoulder, and I don't see for the life of me, if the baby was 'way across the table, even if they did allow him to drink coffee—"

"Now stop it, petty, stop it!" commanded Mr. Peeved, a fashionably explained and now you can't see for the life of you. You women are all alike, and next time you don't even get an explanation."

"Have you seen the Evening Clavicle?" Mrs. Peeved inquired, after a short pause.

"I have not."

"You belong to the Order of the Owls, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, but what in the name of—"

Something Doing

"Listen to this." And Mrs. Peeved picked up the paper and read:

"The diners at a fashionable downtown cafe were almost thrown into a panic late last night when four prominent business men, members of the Order of the Owls, tried to vent their good spirits—imbibed at a club meeting—by executing a 'wag' dance around their table. When politely but firmly requested by the manager to withdraw, one of them tried to kiss the waitress, and promptly got doused with hot coffee for his pains."

Stammering something about a "coincidence," Mr. Peeved stumbled over the Morris chair and retired for the night.

A Cool Shower For Instant Relief

TURTLE WAS ABSENT

A well-known judge entered a well-known restaurant.

"Will you try our turtle soup, sir?" asked the waiter.

"I have tried it," said the judge, "and my verdict is that the turtle has proved an alibi."

Turning Wrath Away

Mrs. Takem—Huh! Pretty condition for you to come down in! Been drinking, have you?

Mr. Takem—All (hic) a mistake, m' dear. I'm all ri' (hic), dash wahsh I am.

Mrs. Takem—Huh! Haven't been drinking, eh? Then why do you talk as if your mouth was full of mush?

Mr. Takem—'Cause a short answer turns away wrath, m' dear.

Dog First

Policeman—Do you have to take care of the dog?

Nurse Girl—No; the missus says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children.

Her Answer

"I believe you would marry an idiot."

"If you feel so sure of it, why don't you ask me?"

Our Grocery Clerk Says Be Patriotic

The mind of woman is fearfully and get-you-goatfully made, and the boss knows it.

He bought a two-by-four box of sweet chocolate the other day, and the boss thought they'd go like fire horses, because each square of chocolate was wrapped around with a real little

American flag. "Liberty chocolates, 10 cents a package," the sign read.

But did the ladies show their patriotism by falling over themselves to purchase? No, thrir. The chocolate stuck, and what do you think the boss did? He unwrapped every flag from every square of chocolate and stuck up a new sign, "Liberty chocolates, 4 by 4 inch American flag given away with each piece, 10 cents a package." And they went like hard boiled eggs on a picnic. As I say, the mind of woman—!

Prize Riddle Today

WHERE WILL THE SKY-LIGHT IF THE SKY-SCRAPER HEAD ON THE MOON?

